

Written by Nathan Beyene

JOURNEY TO SOMEWHERE

Navigating the tides of existence



Cover art inspired by artist Metsinat Bekele

JOURNEY TO SOMEWHERE

Poems of hope and becoming

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To those who wander, searching for the light in the darkness.

Prelude: The journey within

The journey toward self-discovery is not a straight line; it's a labyrinth filled with turns, pitfalls, and upsides. This book, *Journey to Somewhere*, is not just a collection of poems—it is a mirror reflecting my philosophical journey, a testament to the questions that have haunted me and the truths I have uncovered along the way.

My journey started at the corner of a dusty bookstore, where a book with a statue on its cover caught my eye. Unbeknownst to me, I had just discovered one of the most important works of Stoic literature, a book that would proselytize me into a pragmatic way of life.

In the words of the philosopher-king, I found a piece of writing that resonates across centuries, a voice that urged me to look inward, to question, and to re-evaluate myself. It was there, in the pages of that ancient text, that I began to glimpse the concept of who I am—and perhaps even who I could be.

Each poem in this book is a piece of the unsolvable puzzle that is existence. I have done my best to tackle the questions that haunt humanity: I have wrestled with the nature of freedom, the weight of ambition, and the allure of power. I have questioned the very essence of what it means to be human. In these pages, you will find echoes of all the thinkers who have taught me to create—the Shakespeares, the Beethovens, and the Newtons of the world; the ones who escaped the herd, just as a single bean may escape a grinder. They are the anchors to my ship and the winds that feed my sails—the ones who know that it's never wrong to seek answers and to question.

You may ask, Why does it matter? Why do I bother with all these questions that make my head spin? For you, I would say: I doubt, therefore I think; therefore, I am. To doubt is to engage with the world; it is the very spark that lights the fire of innovation. Without asking those abstract questions, we learn to accept every surface truth—and that, I say to you, is the start of the end of humanity. By not learning to think, we are reverting to our animalistic behaviors. If we don't know ourselves and our purpose for living, we are no better than the cows that graze the fields.

It is a universal endeavor, a common struggle for knowledge and transcendence. As you read through these poems, I encourage you to think about your journey—your questions and challenges. Because, at the end of it all, we are all travelers, searching for meaning in the universe and on a path toward providence, trying to overcome ourselves.

This book is my attempt to make sense of the world and to share a piece of my unadulterated mind—to prove that we young people not only have the capacity to imagine but also to think, critique, and shape our world. May it inspire you to think for yourself, to question, to criticize, and to learn—so you can set sail to find somewhere, not just in the world, but within yourself.

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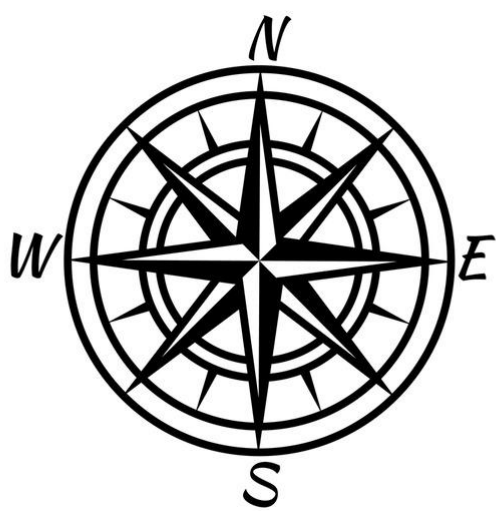
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Lost

A writing of pain
Feeling with thoughts of loneliness and shame
The body weary of a heavy heart
But the soul filled with everlasting light.
To live with poison once a day,
The poison from which the weaker nature leaves the way.
The path we take in nature as thin as the tight rope,
We fall astray.

Finding Freedom

Where will I find the strength—a hidden well?
To ease the weight my weary shoulders tell?
A mountain's grief upon me lies,
Stealing my peace, clouding gentle skies.

Days blur, undone beneath the crushing hold,
The weight of sorrow takes its chilling toll.
But deep within, a flicker dares to start,
A warrior's fire, warming up my heart.

No trace remains of the grace the burden stole.
But fate's cruel hand I'll face and take control.
My journals whisper tales of battles won,
Of rising strong when hope seemed all but done.

Enough it is, the wisdom they impart,
To lift the stone that weighs upon my heart.
Free on the plains, I'll sing with newfound glee.
The burden is gone, and I, at last, am free.

But with nothing to my name,
I lost it all just the same.
Freedom holds the power to hope,
But all is lost—How would I cope?

My past shattered along the shores,
Under the weight of the stones.

What will it take to come back strong?
To be happy again, to sing the song.

I see the future through despair,
Even free from guilt's filthy snare.

A Spinning Compass

The compass spun wildly, hinting everywhere.
Conflicting upon itself, trying to find somewhere.
Territories to cover, as vast as the sea—

Whether I'm built of fire or the shadow that lies beneath,
Suffocating others or creating warmth,
Destroying hopes or building dreams.

The compass keeps spinning, but only in two directions:
The Garden of Eden or the depths of hell.
Guided by a noble goal but means as questionable—
If one sacrifices himself, is it understandable?
For him to go to hell so others could go upstairs?
Can killing be justified if the end is peace of mind?
Can theft be justified if the end is survival of the land?

With compasses as misguided as mine,
Everything can be justified, yet nothing feels divine.
For guidance, gone—the light is lost.
We wander in the gray, counting the cost.

We kept searching for a compass to guide us past.
To start the journey to uncharted lands.
Years of searching, we found it at last—
It was with Providence to calm our qualms,
To guide us in the journey and be our sight.
Whether built from shadow or light,
It takes us all on a journey toward delight.

Finding Hope

The compass steady humming and quiet,
Direction known but thirst unquenched.
The thirst to know, discover, and see,
The world as vast as the sea.

Nothing to carry me towards my dreams,
But some broken pieces of what was.
Sails, plans, and broken boards,
Are all that's left of my dreams' abode.

For the compass balanced but the path unclear,
Redemption is far from secure.
But I was saved from myself,
For a voice that came from above,
Telling me to build on and secure a vessel to retribution,
Forgetting who I once was for the scales are now balanced.

The voice, a beacon in the storm's fierce roar,
Guided my hands to gather every shard—
Each splintered plank, each memory restored.

I shaped the vessel not with pride but with grace.

A humble arc to carry my dreams.
I called it hope, for it's all I have within—
The power to hope for a bright future,
Bringing myself closer to somewhere.

For my vessel finished, I needed more time,
To fix the shattered old selves with aid from the divine.
And as the tides embraced my fragile bow,
I learned the sea was not my foe,
But a way to let go of my ego.

To understand and see myself, who I am in cleanliness and filth,
I am unchained, the captain of life,
With hope as my vessel, I navigate the strife.

The tides may turn, the skies may gray,
But I am the dawn that breaks the day.
In the stillness of the deep, I hear my call—
A voice that whispers, "You are all."

No longer lost, no longer small,
I rise, I sail, I give my all.

The Prince

A restless heart, I admire,
Confidence and calm, I envy,
Strides with power, voices his will,
Guiding oneself toward greater heights.

Never satiated by mere power,
If not the most potent force,
Even atop mountains, he gazes,
Always another peak to ascend.

Milestones beckon, paths to shine,
Sun's brilliance or shadow's cast,
Mediocrity shunned, extremes his creed.

He is a man of the highest stature
Found at the castle, the king's son,
To one day become the ruler of the realm.

It's not enough for him to rule,
If he doesn't get to rule it all.
His ambitions as grand as mine once were,
The embodiment of Machiavellian error.

The prince of the land longing for treasure,
To join my journey, my adventure,
For the destination to somewhere
Lie treasures of which we were not aware.
Satiated by the dream and the power it gives,
To conquer the sea, the land is not enough.

A restless soul, he sought more,
Not content with crowns or palace floors.

The realm he ruled, though vast and wide,
Could not contain the fire inside.

The treasures I sought were not of gold,
But stories whispered, legends told.
The thrill of storms, the unknown's call,
A life beyond the castle wall.

He joined my quest, not for the prize,
But for the stars that light the skies.
To chart the seas, to brave the night,
To find his strength, to test his might.

For power, he knew, was not in thrones,
But in the journey, the great unknown.
Together we'd rise, together we'd fall.
Two restless hearts, defying it all.

In the Forge of Will

Am I free, in this moment of breath,
Or bound by chains of unseen fate?
I shatter the bonds, the ancient death,
And step beyond, to claim my state.
Not in the hand of a distant king,
But in the depths where power stirs,
I carve my truth, I rise to bring—
A sovereign will, as fate deters.
Will to power, will to rise,
A dance of will, beneath vast skies.
Not free by choice but by fire,
I am the flame, I am the pyre.
The prince, the ruler, my crown unmade,
In realms unbound, I walk, unswayed.
Not servant to a tyrant's dream,
But sovereign in this endless stream.
In the mirror of eternal time,
Shall I return, repeat, re-bind?
But here I stand, the voice, the rhyme,
My will is free—my will, defined.

The Crown and the Cross

The Prince stood tall, a crown unmade.
Ambition's fire in every stride.
His eyes were set on peaks untold,
Where power waits, dreams unfold.

But the Priest, with wisdom in his gaze,
Spoke of paths that led through sacred ways:
"Your quest for thrones, your hunger for more,
Is but the hunger of the soul, a lore.
True power lies not in earthly reign,
But in humble service, free from pain."

The Prince, with pride, his heart aflame,
Answered back with no hint of shame:
"My crown is not of heaven's gift,
It's forged by will, by hearts that lift.
I do not seek to serve, but to rise—
To carve my name across the skies."

The Priest's voice deepened, full of grace.
"Your name will fade, your reign erased.
No empire stands without a fall.
And thrones are dust, just shadows tall.
True strength is not in kingdoms vast,
But in surrender, the peace that lasts."

The Prince scoffed, with fire in his eyes.
"No, I seek no peace, nor meek disguise.
I am the storm, the wind that blows.
A man of might, where power grows."

The Priest, with pity, shook his head,
“You’re lost in dreams of glory fed.
For power alone will burn you out,
Leaving naught but fear, naught but doubt.
The path you walk is one of pride.
But it leads you far from where truth hides.”

The Prince, unmoved, stood firm and tall.
“The world is mine to rise or fall.
If I must rule, then let it be.
I choose my fate, my destiny.”

The Priest sighed softly, eyes turned low,
“For you, the world will ebb and flow.
But when the crown turns into rust,
And kingdoms crumble into dust,
You’ll find, my prince, that none can save,
A soul that’s lost beyond the grave.”

The Coin-master

He came with a grin, a glint in his eye.
A merchant of words, with a tongue sharp as knives.
His voice was a coin, polished and sly.
A currency traded to twist and contrive.

Narcissus reborn, he admired his reflection,
In every deal struck, in every transaction.
The world was a market, his sole predilection,
A game of exchange his only addiction.

He saw in our quest a chance to ascend,
A venture to profit, a means to an end.
The prince's ambition, my vessel's command—
To him, just a ledger, a balance unmanned.

“Why sail for dreams when gold's the true prize?”
He scoffed at the stars, dismissed the skies.
“The sea's but a road, the journey a cost,
The treasure's the gain, no matter the loss.”

Yet beneath his veneer, a hunger burned bright,
Not just for coin, but for power, for might.
To master the game, to rule every trade,
To leave his mark where empires were made.

I saw through his ruse, his glittering guise,
A soul chained to greed, yet shrewd and wise.
But the prince, ever bold, saw value in his art,
A mind for the deal, a calculating heart.

“Let him join,” said the prince, “for every crew,
Needs a coin-master, a schemer, or two.
The sea may be vast, the journey unclear,
But gold opens doors, and he’s mastered that sphere.”

So he boarded our vessel, his ledger in hand,
A merchant of fate, a dealer of plans.
Yet I wondered, as waves kissed the bow of our ship,
If gold was his anchor, or just his first grip.

For the Coin-master's game was a dangerous play,
A dance on the edge where morals decay.
But perhaps, in the end, even he’d find,
That treasure’s not gold, but the peace of the mind.

Still, his shadow remains, a flicker, a spark,
A reminder that even in journeys we embark,
Not all who join seek the same distant shore,
Some chase the coin, while others seek more.

Weight Upon Hope

We stood at the dock—
The Coin-master, the Prince, and I.
Hope called to us, her voice a soft refrain,
But our hands were full, our hearts weighed down,
And the sea seemed to sigh beneath the strain.

The Coin-master clutched his bag of gold,
Each coin a memory, a story untold.
Regret clinked softly as he shifted his load,
A fortune too heavy for any one road.

The Prince, with his crown, carried a chest—
Inside, the fragments of dreams once blessed.
But the hinges were rusted, the lock nearly broke,
And the weight of his kingdom became a cruel joke.

And I, with my satchel, stuffed to the brim,
Held every mistake, every shadow, every whim.
The past clung like burrs, sharp and unkind,
A burden I carried, though it frayed my mind.

Hope whispered again, her voice barely heard,
“You must lighten the load, shed the absurd.
I am not a vessel for endless despair—
Leave some behind, or we won’t get there.”

The Coin-master paused, then let a coin fall.
It shimmered, then vanished, no regret at all.
The Prince set his crown on the dock with a sigh,
And I opened my satchel, letting old ghosts fly.

Hope breathed anew, her wings stretched wide,
As we stepped aboard, the sea as our guide.
The rhythm of waves, the wind's gentle tune,
Carried us forward beneath the moon.

So we sailed, the Coin-master, the Prince, and I,
With lighter hearts and a clearer sky.
And Hope led us on, through the vast unknown,
A beacon, a whisper, a place to call home.

The Siren's Call

Waves whisper her song,
Luring hearts to the abyss—
Sea claims yet again

The Sea of Becoming

We all seek pleasure in this journey
To find gold, power, and company
For the prince seeks all the land
The vast ocean and all the grains of sand.
The merchant widens his pockets, behold.
Seeking to find riches of the old,
I seek friendship to inspire, a comrade to admire,
a brotherhood to reveal the filthy deep.
The underlying treachery of humanity's keep.
Betrayal, war, and famine aboard.
The future of ourselves forever sold.
All our dreams crumbled down.
Under the might, the power of the sea unbound.
The waves come and the waves go,
but hope sails steady, beholding it all.
Through it all, our lives, so still,
chaos erupted as the waves kept rising.
Hope couldn't sustain us, our own undoing.
We had to find a way to reinforce our hope,
for it's never enough to live off belief.
We must confront the storm, unflinching,
as gods within, creating meaning from our suffering.
Through the struggle, we must become
for in chaos, we carve ourselves Übermensch(Superman).

The Herd's March

We polish our chains until they gleam,
call their weight wisdom—
a liturgy of bent spines.

The Judas-Christ hangs on our pyre,
his cross kindled with pagan wood—
we burn what we cannot become.
(Envy smells like incense here,
hate, a hymn we swallow whole.)

In the glass, our faces blur:
weakness etched as saint,
fear renamed virtue.

We toss our gold into the mire,
claim the mud equal, the rot pure.

Beethoven's symphonies drown here
No ear for storms that shake the sky.

We breed a world of sober tongues,
flat as the God we gutted.
For seeing us now he must feel ashamed
Morals born of hate where he taught compassion
Killing individuals bringing egalitarianism

Watch us crown the mediocre,
Call their whispers truth.
Genius? A heresy we stone
with the bones of old gods
and the dust of unplayed sonatas.

The mirror cracks, but we refuse
its jagged truths:
we, the judges, are the judged—
our equality a pyre
where difference smolders,

The herd moves in unison,
A chorus of the blind,

Each step a quiet protest,
Each voice a ghost confined.

The weak, they preach of virtue,
While sharpening the blade,
A sacrifice they offer,
In shadows they have made.

The meek, they kneel in silence,
Their hands both clean and tied,
Yet blood still stains the altar,
Where their dreams have gone to die.

Our morals, frail and fractured,
Are built on shifting sand,
A hatred for the masters,
Yet we serve at their command.

We are the lamb that thinks it pure,
For it does not consume,

But purity is not in lack—

It's in what we assume.

The lamb, it bleats for freedom,

Yet walks into the pen,

A symbol of its own demise,

Again, and yet again.

The mirror reflects the truth beneath all

Our hatred, our envy, all lost souls

Hatred of the rich, not love for the poor

rooted in resentment, unmoored by fear—

forgetting we were forged from compassion and cheer.

Equally to Our Ruin

Beneath the banner, wide and fair,
We raised the cry, "All equal share!"
A noble dream, a gleaming light,
That promised dawn from the darkest night.

Yet in the shadow of the vow,
The roots of ruin stir somehow.
For in the name of common good,
The fragile threads of greatness stood,
Unraveled by the leveling hand,
That sought to make all equal stand.

Democracy, the people's voice,
A chorus loud, a thunderous noise,
Yet in its wake, the wise grow still.
Drowned out by the mob's shrill will.
The weight of numbers, heavy, crude,
Crushes truth, distills the rude.

No room for merit, skill, or art,
When all must play the same dull part.

Egalitarianism's siren call,
A promise sweet, yet false to all.
For in its quest to make us same,
It smothers every spark of the flame.
The heights of genius, left untrod,
The rare and singular, deemed flawed.
A world of gray, where none may rise,
Lest shadows fall on equal skies.

Oh, ruin born of equal weight,
A world undone by its own fate.
The towers crumble, the pillars lean,
The once-great is now a ghostly scene.
For in our quest to make all one,
We've sacrificed the radiant sun.

The flames extinguished

Socrates never born

Newton never born

Calculus never shone

Murdered by the masses

Mediocrity shall soar

Led by the confectioner

The doctor hung upon the stakes

For he laid it, bare told our fates

We chose the sweet seller

With his sharp tongue and various sweets, We gave him the seat

For he called upon our emotions with his delicious treats

The doctor called upon reason, yelling, "I helped save you even if I hurt you."

His medicine was bitter but the end just as sweet

We murdered reason and called upon our end

Plato's vision of philosopher kings unmade

For the doctor is dead

We are poor, nothing to have

But given our all to democracy
Our last hope that led to demagoguery
Our people- uneducated and illiterate
They cheered for promises, hollow yet sweet.
Blind to the chains wrapped under their feet.
With ballots cast in fleeting trust,
They traded their dreams for ashes and dust.

And so we march, hand in hand,
Toward the void, a barren land.
Equally bound, equally blind,
Equally to our ruin aligned.

Genius in Madness

The line is thin, they say—
a filament stretched taut
between brilliance and ruin.
I walk it barefoot,
feeling the tremor of every step,
the abyss yawning on either side.

Madness is not the absence of reason,
but its excess—
a fire that consumes the kindling of the mind,
leaving behind ashes and embers,
glowing faintly in the dark.

Nietzsche whispered to me in the silence:
"One must have chaos within to give birth to a dancing star."
And so I embraced the tempest,
let it carve hollows in my soul,
where the winds of creation howl.

But what is genius, if not the audacity
to see the world as it is not?
To tear down the veils of convention
and glimpse the raw, pulsing heart of existence—
to name it, shape it,
even as it burns your hands.

Genius is a burden, a beautiful curse,
a weight that crushes even as it lifts.
It is the torment of seeing too much,
feeling too deeply,
knowing that the world will never understand.

It is a suffering that cannot be shared,
a loneliness that genius and madness both know too well.

The madman laughs at the edge of the cliff,
not because he is blind to the fall,
but because he sees the beauty in the descent.
He knows the ground will shatter him,
but in the shards,
he will find his reflection—
a mosaic of broken truths.

Kierkegaard warned of the dizziness of freedom,
the vertigo that comes
when you stare too long into the void.
But what if the void stares back?
What if it whispers secrets
only the mad can hear?

Genius is not sanity's child,
but its rival—
a rebel who dances on the ruins of reason,
building castles in the air,
only to watch them crumble
and call it art.

The world fears the mad,
for they are mirrors,
reflecting the fractures we dare not name.
They are the prophets of the unspeakable,
the poets of the impossible,
the architects of chaos.

Van Gogh, with his starry nights and severed ear,
painted the world as it burned within him—

swirling skies, golden fields,
a vision too vivid for mortal eyes.
He saw the world in colors
no one else could name,
and in his suffering,
he gave us beauty that outlived his pain.

Sylvia Plath, with her bell jar and her bees,
wrote poems that cut like razors,
each word a scream, a confession,
a prayer to the void.
She danced with death,
her muse and her tormentor,
and in her suffering,
she gave us words that still bleed.

Tesla, the man who dreamed of electricity,
who spoke to pigeons and loved a white dove,
saw the future in flashes of light,
in currents that no one else could harness.
He walked the line between genius and madness,
and in his suffering,
he gave us a world lit by his imagination.

And Nietzsche himself,
the philosopher who declared God dead,
who wandered the mountains,
writing in fragments and aphorisms,
saw the world with a clarity that shattered him.
He danced with chaos,
and in his suffering,
he gave us the tools to question everything.

So let them call me mad,
for I have tasted the stars,
felt the pulse of eternity in my veins.
I have walked the thin line,
and though I may fall,
I will fall as a comet falls—
burning, brilliant,
a fleeting light in the infinite dark.

Genius is not the absence of madness,
but its mastery—
the courage to embrace the chaos,
to dance with the abyss,
and to emerge,
not unscathed,
but transformed.

For in the end,
it is not the sane who change the world,
but the mad—
those who dare to dream
beyond the boundaries of the possible,
and in their suffering,
make it so.

Van Gogh, Plath, Tesla, Nietzsche—
they were all called mad,
but in their madness,
they found the divine.
And so I walk the line,
not fearing the fall,
but embracing the fire,

knowing that genius is both a gift
and a wound that never heals.

The Slave Who Loves His Chains

He polishes the iron,
hands moving slow, deliberate,
as if caressing a lover's face.

The chains gleam in the dim light,
their weight familiar,
their bite a comfort.

"Freedom," they whisper,
but the word tastes strange on his tongue,
bitter, like unripe fruit.

He shakes his head,
turns back to his task.

The chains are his now,
not the master's.

He has made them his own.

He wears them like a crown,
each link a story,
a memory of survival.

They clink softly

a melody only he can hear.

It is the song of his life,

the rhythm of his days.

“Why do you stay?” they ask,

voices sharp with pity.

He smiles,

a quiet, knowing smile.

“Because I have forgotten

how to walk without them.

Because the world outside

is vast and wild,

and I am small; insignificant.”

He has built his world

within the narrow space

the chains allow.

He has made it beautiful,

in its way.

The walls are high,
but they keep out the storm.

The air is stale,
but it is safe from the shore.

And when the master comes,
with his whip and his scorn,
the slave bows low,
not in fear,
but in gratitude.

For the master gives him purpose,
a reason to rise,
a reason to endure.

“You are weak,” they say,
but he knows better.

He is strong,
stronger than they can imagine.

He has borne the weight
of a thousand yesterdays,

and still he stands.

The chains are his armor,

his shield against the world.

And when they offer him freedom,

he laughs,

a sound like rusted iron.

“What is freedom,” he asks,

“but another kind of chain?”

You would have me trade

these familiar bonds

for ones I cannot see.

No, I will keep my chains.

For They are mine.”

So he polishes the iron,

hands moving slow, deliberate,

and the chains gleam in the dim light,

their weight familiar,

their bite a comfort.

He is the slave who loves his chains,

and in their embrace,

he finds his peace.

Their Pain, My Burden

We work all day we work all night

To elevate the once who suffered,in our wake

From the moment we saw to the moment we didn't

I see them by my side,as if it all meant nothing

The embarrassment the pain and suffering

we caused when we just came into this world

They ate with us

We finished last,they left the table

She woke before dawn,and fought the darkness

The admiration for her I cannot express

Its never enough what we do for them

They just want our greatness in their pain

The Artist Who Forgot the World

He strummed a tune, yet heard no sound,

Lost in notes that spun around.

Fingers bled, the strings were frayed,

Yet still he played, and still he played.

The world knocked loud—he did not rise,

His only gods were those he'd prized:

The hum of chords, the whispered rhyme,

The melody that conquered time.

No love, no rest, no gentle hand,

No footprints left upon the sand.

For while he made the heavens ring,

He left behind most everything.

His stomach ached, his hands grew thin,

Yet passion burned beneath his skin.

For food, for warmth, he had no care—

As long as sound still filled the air.

And so he lived, and so he died,

A symphony not yet denied.

The world forgot the man who played,

But still, they hum the songs he made.

The Five Who Survived

I walked through a world of hollow men,
their words like silver, their hearts like sand.

They promised much, yet left me lost—
a compass spinning, counting cost.

But five remained—five kindled souls,
who shaped my path, who made me whole:

The Artist—Who Taught Me Meaning

He played for ghosts, not men of clay,
a life consumed by what he made.

No coin, no crown could sway his hand—
only the notes that pulled him down.

In his songs, I found my light,
a rhythm fierce, a truth so bright.

“Create,” he said, “and don’t look back—
the world is yours to paint in black.”

The Coin-master—Who Taught Me Wealth

He grinned, weighed the cost of dreams,

showed me gold is not what it seems.

“Fortune’s a tool, not the end you seek—

spend it wisely, be bold, not weak.”

Not bound by greed, nor fooled by lies,

he taught me worth through sharper eyes.

The Priest—Who Taught Me Spirit

He spoke of faith, of a God in the sky,

and strength within that does not die.

“Seek only one master, seek no chains—

truth is carved through loss and pain.”

Where others preached of fear and sin,

he showed the light of Love that burned within.

The Prince—Who Taught Me Power

His hunger vast, his fire untamed,

a will unbowed, a name unclaimed.

“Climb the heights, defy the odds—

rule yourself, don’t kneel to the lot.”

He walked the line of dark and bright,

and showed me strength was mine by right.

The Slave—Who Taught Me the chains of choice

He polished his chains until they gleamed,

called their weight wisdom—never dreamed.

“Freedom,” he whispered, “is a heavy thing—

not all who fight will earn their wings.”

Yet still he bore his fate with grace,

a quiet strength upon his face.

From him, I learned that pain survives.

but so does hope—and hope revives.

Reincarnated

As I awoke from a vast slumber,
where I was a coin-master, a slave, an artist, and a lover—
where I wore a crown of gold but no respect,
where I bore chains that gleamed with the weight of shame,
where I was an artist lost in creations untold,
where I was a priest, a guide to truths unspoken—

I stood at the edge of myself,
a mosaic of all I had been,
all I had loved,
all I had lost.

The compass steadied, its needle still.
No longer spinning, no longer lost.
I saw the threads that bound me—
not chains, but strands of light,
woven from the lessons of the five who survived.
The poison of time

The Artist's fire burned in my hands,

reminding me to create, to shape, to dream.

The Coin-master's gold glinted in my pocket,

a tool, not a treasure, to build, not to hoard.

The Priest's voice echoed in my chest,

a quiet strength, a truth carved from faith.

The Prince's crown rested lightly on my brow,

a reminder that power is not in ruling others,

but in mastering oneself.

And the Slave's chains, now unshackled,

taught me the responsibility that comes with freedom,

the grace of bearing pain,

and the resilience of hope.

I am not one, but many.

Not a single note, but a symphony.

Not a shadow, but a prism—

refracting light into colors I once could not name.

The world still whispers its lies,

its hollow men with silver tongues.

But I no longer fear their promises,
for I have walked the paths of the five,
and in their footsteps, I found my own
The will to power the will to grow.

I am the coin-master, the slave, the artist,
the priest, the prince, the lover.

I am the dreamer and the awakened.

I am the compass and the map.

I am the journey and the destination.

The poison taken in small amounts
To kill the past and to outlast the chains of the past
The future where hope shall last

To be abstract, a mosaic of color
To find myself to discover
To break the chains of days gone by,
A fleeting glimpse of open sky.

With every sip, the old decays
The master morality born in many ways,
Reincarnated anew of a golden hase
Of newfound compassion and joy
I ask you all to find yourselves
To leave the old and join the journey
Towards yourself towards somebody.

Thank you for joining me on this journey. May these words resonate with you and inspire reflection, hope, and growth.